

Little Miss Ashford Has an Adult Rival

"VIRGINIA MOLSON stood leaning her graceful arms on the old fashioned black mantel as she wistfully watched the fantastic play of the flames," &c.

"Is it you, Paul?" Her voice was "low," and of course "ineffably sweet."

It is Paul, the "Dr. Paul" of Ethel Penman Hope's story. But Virginia's voice is not long, low and ineffably sweet. After a fond first look, or as you might say exhalation, she will not again "lift her beautiful face to his," but stands "erect and proud." "Paul James!" In her voice now is "that note of Molson pride inherited from generations of Molsons before her." Paul pleads for forgiveness, but Virginia will not yield, while "the old Molson pride spoke up within her."

"You broke your word to me, Paul—I can never trust you again."

Paul, who is a great surgeon and has had a trying day at the hospital, has evidently forgotten the clove. But the "dignity of the House of James" now gets into action, and we read that "pride also spoke to Paul," and it is he who now moves away from Virginia, "while the dignity of the House of James for centuries back seemed concentrated in him," as he says:

"Your tone is harsh, Virginia, and your words are words of anger. They were thrust to pierce my heart and they have not missed their mark. They have strengthened me well for to-morrow. What do I need of added stimulant when you have filled my soul with the wine of your wrath. Where is the love that I thought you bore for me? Poor fool that I was to plead for it. What is a woman's trust? What is a woman's love? You do not love me. She does not understand what love is who does not know how to forgive. You do not love me, Virginia."

Paul's heart, though "filled with pride," yet "throbbed wildly" as it waited for contradiction. But Virginia throws the ring into the fireplace, where the flames are still fantastically leaping, and when she recovers it the next day, "even the Molson pride could not keep the tears from filling her eyes, and as they blurred her vision the diamonds shone clearer and clearer through their mist, as in their flow the ashes in the setting were all washed away."

Virginia's girl friend pleads with her to forgive Paul. But, "as she drew herself up proudly," she says: "I can't, Jean—I'm too proud." Virginia, however, soon calms down a little, and readers will be betting on "the dignity of the House of James" as against "the Molson pride," when she is heard speaking thus sweetly to her friend:

"I need this quiet for a few days. I want to reconstruct a bit. I want to look out upon the hills and fields and get the right perspective, and into the glory of the evening sunset and keep that glory in my vision when later the night shadows creep over it all. I want to let the sunlight of these beautiful days burn into my heart," &c.

Oh, well, a girl who can talk like that cannot hold out long with all her Molson pride. Dr. Paul, having lost the use of his right arm through infection, no doubt brought on by carelessness due to Virginia's defection, retires to his beautiful "ancestral hall," as Daisy Ashford would call it, hung with "guns, mats and ancestors," where he becomes a terrible woman hater.

Frankly, here is a story to revel in, told unashamedly and with fine romantic abandon. The nine year old Miss Ashford herself could do no better, and even her famous "proposals" scene, in which "taking the bull by both horns, he kissed her violently on her dainty face," is no match for the closing pages of *Dr. Paul*.

DR. PAUL. BY ETHEL PENMAN HOPE.
George H. Doran Company.

The QUERRILLS

By Stacy Aumonier

A NEW novel by one of the most brilliant and satisfying of modern English writers. A powerful story of a well-bred English family. A Century book. All bookstores. \$1.60.



Sewell Ford's latest is "Shorty McCabe Gets the Hail."

SHORTY MCCABE, he of the picturesque lingo and the slam straight from the shoulder style of getting there, bobs up serenely again in Sewell Ford's new collection of the physical culturist's adventures. Eighteen times does Shorty go to the bat with a tale and each time he manages to cause fifteen or twenty minutes to instantaneously disappear. If you don't like the Shorty McCabe school of fiction you won't be able to abide Shorty, for he is a type with a vengeance and he remains a type from start to finish. Slangy, adroit with comical metaphors and similes, full of what the professors call virile Americanisms, but what in the zipper nomenclature of New York is known as "pep," Shorty relates a number of tales that always hold the interest however weak their situations may be. It is the way Shorty talks, the confidential colloquial manner in which he clothes his

argument, that make the stories go.

One may also offend Mr. Sewell Ford by asserting that his character (Shorty, not Mr. Ford's) is what is known as wholesome. Shorty has the big heart, the evident desire to help his more helpless denizens of this tough world. Many of the stories in this latest volume possess some war interest and it is worked in with an admirable restraint from too much flag waving. Naturally we gather that Shorty is a patriot but there are no black headlines in the presentation.

To select the best from a series of eighteen stories, all of which are obviously cut from the same bolt of cloth, is both impertinent and a thankless task. If you like one of them you will probably like the other seventeen. They carry no grave pretensions to the higher realms of literature but they are entertaining and remarkably easy reading.

SHORTY MCCABE GETS THE HAIL. BY SEWELL FORD. Edward J. Clode.

"Tamburlaine"

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE'S *Tamburlaine the Great* is now accessible to amateur dramatic clubs in an excellent acting version made by Edgar Montillion Woolley and Stephen Vincent Benét. To such societies as care to attempt the production of so ambitious a play this quaint looking little volume will be very helpful; but in these days when not one professional actor in a thousand knows the difference between blank verse and prose, it is not to be hoped that amateurs can be found who will even attempt to declaim the magnificent rolling lines of Kit Marlowe. However, the play is worth producing, and perhaps some day lovers of pure declamation may have the opportunity of hearing *Tamburlaine's* magnificent spoutings on the boards of a theatre.

One can imagine one of the old timers reciting the prologue:

"From figging veins of rhyming mother-wits,
And such conceits as clownage keeps in pay,
We'll lead you to the stately tent of war,
Where you shall hear the Scythian *Tamburlaine*
Threatening the world with high astounding terms,
And scourging kingdoms with his conquering sword."

View but his picture in this tragic glass,
And then applaud his fortunes as you please."

TAMBURLAINE THE GREAT. BY CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE. Acting version, prepared under the direction of Edgar Montillion Woolley and Stephen Vincent Benét. New Hampshire: Yale University Press.

Servant Girls as Fiction Heroines

By W. B. McCORMICK.

AT one period of the history of the novel the heroes were men of the church; at another they were always military men, and we have only passed through the era when the captain of industry was the leading character in fiction. These several classes of heroes were chosen by novel writers as the dominant figures of their time, and it raises the question if the domestic servant girl has now become the appealing figure of our time when, within one week, a reviewer finds himself with two books to read, whose heroines are servant girls, one Irish, one a Scot.

The first and most important of these two heroines is Kate Carmody, whose soul's adventures are the chief theme of *The Land They Loved*, by G. D. Cummins, herself an Irishwoman. Kate is a superb figure of a woman who after five years of "living out" in America finds herself hungering so for her native land, in its most intimate sense, that she goes back to Ireland to the farmhouse where she was born and where her brother lives with an old woman to keep house for him. The land is Kate's greatest passion. Her love for it recalls a phase in our fiction of a decade ago when the "return to nature" movement was in full swing. That movement always smacked of the artificial to us; but Miss Cummins's story is the finer and absolutely sincere in that she makes her readers feel that her heroine's passion is genuine. Indeed the first section of this tale, describing Kate's return home and the spell the land actually cast over her, is a beautiful and moving piece of writing.

Moreover, her characters are real people, full blooded and passionate, charged with that tragic quality which is the hall mark of Irish character. No reader, of course, who does not know the Irish will appreciate the quality of the speech falling from the lips of Kate, old Maggie, Eugene Turpin and that picture of repellent old age, Eugene's father.

From the time when Kate goes up to Dublin to become a household servant again the finer quality of the story departs. But no one who knows the Irish will fail to note the deep understanding Miss Cummins has of her compatriots as revealed in the scenes in the kitchens where Kate is the cook. In picturing British types Barrie himself has done nothing better than the scene in which Kate plays off one of her two policeman admirers against the other. But we are afraid many readers will think this "common stuff." Heigh ho! maybe it is. Yet how human and profoundly characteristic after all! The story lifts again with the regeneration of Eugene; but Miss Cummins's novel rests for its finest achievement in its opening portion.

The second servant girl heroine is of a more familiar type, a Scots lassie with an abundant sense of crisp humor who is the chief figure in J. J. Bell's *Just Jemima*. The kind of humor Mr. Bell gave to the reading world in *Wee MacGregor* bubbles up continually in the narrative set down by Jemima Just during the period when she was a housemaid at Seaview, a seashore villa where paying guests were the reason for its being. Even in so short a tale there are moments when the reader would wish the bubbling of this humor would cease for a while; but on the whole the tale achieves its mission satisfactorily, which was to bring a smile into the reader's eyes and keep it there while reading Jemima's story.

THE LAND THEY LOVED. BY G. D. CUMMINS. Macmillan Company.
JUST JEMIMA. BY J. J. BELL. Fleming H. Revell Company.

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